

Is it love?

by Aquilla

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Summary: a B/V ficcy....very AU and rather confronting in parts

1. Is it love?

Body A/N: well, here we go with another little romance ficcy.....sorry, i can't help it!!! yeah well neway this is a little different from your usual.....or else i'm dreaming and it's like every other romance fic ever written...

p.s. yes, there's quite a bit of swearing in this one, so it's not for the kiddies...

Disclaimer: well what do u expect? like i could come up with something as great as DBZ or DBG.T.....

Bulma smiled dreamily as she watched him swagger into the gravity room. They had been out on a couple of dates, but this was the first time he'd acted serious about her. "You know," she said to no one in particular, "I think you're falling in love with him." She giggled and skipped inside.

~Omigosh Vegeta, what are you doing??!!!~ he screamed to himself while pulverising the machinery, almost forgetting to block a blast in his mad rush to escape his thoughts. ~She's a human! She's weak! She'll want you to change yourself for her! You used to hate her!~

"Yeah, and now your falling for her." He shook his head in an effort to clear it, but needless to say it didn't quite work...

Bulma's mum turned her head at the sound of footsteps. "Oh, Vegeta! How was dinner? Was it a good date?" This last she said in a teasingly suggestive tone, trying to get some reaction from her unusually quiet house guest. As he stalked past her he suddenly turned and roared, doing his usual Vegeta in a fit thingy.

"WHAT THE HELL HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU?????????" Her scream was louder even than his had been, and managed to wake him from his tortured silence.

"Huh? Wha-what did I do? What- fuck this!" At that he ran for his room, leaving behind a bewildered woman who didn't quite have any eardrums left to speak of.

Vegeta was baffled. This was one problem he just couldn't figure out, no matter how he looked at it. There was no way he could deny, at least not to himself, that he was in love with Bulma. But there was no way he could be with her either.

~It wouldn't work; we'd fight or something would happen to stuff us up and then where would I be? She's been with heaps of guys before - what if I make a fool of myself? I'd never live it down - Vegeta the Great so fucking soft hearted that he actually cares for someone. And I can't do it. I WON'T! I won't let myself be hurt like that, won't let myself be weak like that~

Four hours and absolutely no sleep later, Vegeta was still lying wide awake. "Yeah, but I can't stop thinking about her either." He gave up, gave in to his desires, and started imagining scenarios of Bulma and himself. Finally he got some sleep.

She couldn't remember when last she had been this happy, if ever. It was official: she and Vegeta were an item. Out of pure joy she did a little dance right in the middle of the street, ignoring the looks of passersby that said clearly they thought she should be locked away in a little white padded room. A little giggle burst from her lips, then she laughed outright, not at all descended from the heaven he had recently placed her in. She thought, smiling at the memories....

It was just the movies, but it meant so much more than that. He'd walked down the stairs looking so hot in a pitch black suit with a dark blue shirt that she nearly fell flat on her back. She wasn't too bad herself, slinky red dress and all, and she quite enjoyed seeing him falter at the sight of her. At the theater people stopped and turned to watch the couple pass, not only affected by the looks of the two but also by the waves of happiness radiating off them. It wasn't every day that you got to see a pair you just knew had been crafted for each other.

He had paid for her ticket, bought her popcorn; they shared the same drink. All throughout the film he cradled her hand in his own, occasionally raising it to his cheek or brushing it with his lips. At those times Bulma had barely restrained herself from jumping him there and then, seriously asking herself what exactly would be the problem with that.

After a rather boring film made memorable only by his presence, her man had even flown her home, much to her delight. Surprisingly he cradled her in his arms as if she were made of fine china, his strong hands warm and loving as they clutched her. Sighing at the thought of having to put his precious cargo on the ground when they reached home, he bypassed the house and took her to a secret place in the nearby forest where occasionally he went to escape us humans.

She sat on a rock, Vegeta kneeling before her. His hand trembled as rough fingertips brushed full red lips. He knew not what to say, knew not how to express the alien feelings invading his ice cold heart. Yet his very actions spoke more than a thousand words to Bulma - she who had seen this man kill as if it meant nothing. He looked at her with such helpless passion, such confusion at the power of his feelings that were she blind still she could have felt the love radiating out of him.

They stared for long moments in wonder at each other, then by unspoken agreement the passion began. First one kiss - deeper and more soulful than any experienced previously by either - followed by roving explorations of the other's body that brought shivers of delight and moans of barely contained desire. A nibble on the ear, fingertips running down the spine, trails of kisses up the chest - neither was in a hurry to get the job over with and so both were determined to milk all possible pleasure from the experience. And, both being as stubborn as you know them to be, you can be left in no doubt that they did

The noise was amazing, louder than even it's creator thought possible, but that didn't distract him from his intense training. In fact he was so enthralled in the rhythm of flowing from blow to kick to blast that he didn't notice the striking woman slinking about the walls trying to watch without gaining attention. In a brief lull while her mighty prince caught his breath Bulma tiptoed across the floor to stand right behind him, running her fingers through his hair and her tongue up his neck when she did so. For a terrifying second he seemed about to strike, but then, realising who it was, he smirked and allowed her to continue. She did so, running her hands over hard pecks and abs, and lower, all the while caressing his neck with her kisses and extracting shivers by nibbling his earlobes. In a flash - so fast Bulma didn't register that she had moved at all until she came to rest again - Vegeta swept her to the floor with a wicked grin that clearly said: "my turn now", and with that he proceeded to cover her body with kisses and touches so tender yet provoking such reactions from her that Bulma was indeed very glad that she was already on the floor, for otherwise she would have surely fallen. At the random memory that reminded her Vegeta had never had another woman before, one thought screamed through her mind: _Oh my god he learns fast!_, for indeed he acted as though he had been born knowing how to give her pleasure.

The fact that Vegeta still refused to hold her hand in public worried Bulma not one bit. She knew he saw it as a sign of weakness, and knew too that whatever happened to him in life, her prince would do

everything possible to avoid anything weak. At that thought she grinned, knowing that until recently he had thought her weak, knowing too that her aggressiveness and skill at lovemaking had widened his eyes and broadened his perceptions.

"What are you grinning about, missy?" A testy Chichi asked her friend.

"Ahh nothing. Well, at least nothing you want to hear. I know how you feel about Vegeta, so I won't tell you." With that the dreamy smile that seemed her constant companion nowadays misted over her eyes, making her oblivious to her friend's 'hmp'h'd reply.

That afternoon Bulma decided to walk home from the Son house, savouring the beautiful day that perfectly suited her mood. She was lost in thoughts of her Vegeta, creating a plan of attack that would draw him away from his training session upon her return. That part at least was easy - neither had tired of the thrill that chasing and capturing the other invariably caused; the problem lay in maintaining the element of surprise and keeping her catch afterwards. Lately he had shown a disappointing tendency to escape back to the gravity room afterwards. ~Although, I shouldn't be surprised, I mean he's almost reached SSJ, so of course he wants to train as hard as possible despite whatever other pleasures the world might offer...tehehehe...~ And so, giggling at her thoughts, Bulma was oblivious to the semi-trailer that careered uncontrollably down the road until it barged straight through her and carried her on until it came to rest half way through a building.

No thoughts were in his mind, no emotions in his numb body. There was absolutely and utterly nothing, complete silence as he sat contemplating the woman he thought he had loved who lay shattered on the hospital bed before him. Finally the words of the doctors sank in through the thick haze that was his mind: _"she will never walk again"_. With a cry of anguish he tore himself from the room and flew off into the distance.

.....to be continued.....as you would expect, but of course i could be real mean and leave you all hanging on the proverbial cliff.....or at least, just to please me, could you pretend you're hanging in suspense??? pretty please?? oh yeah, and don't forget to tell me how stupid it was in that little box below (or if u're feeling generous u could tell me it was great....hint hint)so um yeah.....

^__~

2. Is is love?: Coping

Body Disclaimer: u know the drill..

A/N: hey guys! thanx heaps for the great reviews and all, lets just

hope that the rest of the story lives up to
it....

IS IT LOVE? :

COPING

flash

white walls blinding light bustling people rattling trays -

blackness.

flash

meal time worried faces heaps of flowers talking everyone talking too
much -

blackness

flash

concerned doctor blood tests parents there older sadder lost their
daughter but I'm here not lost can't escape the

blackness

Swimming through the chaos that was her mind, through the sucking
blackness of her subconscious, finally she opened her eyes.

~Fuzzy. The world's gone fuzzy. (gag) UGH!! What is that down my
throat??!! I can't breathe! Help I've gotta get it off!~

"Calm down honey, you need that to breathe. No, shhh, just calm down.
I know it feels weird but your lungs were collapsed by the pressure
of the crash - you'll die if you take out the tubes."

~I was in a crash? Huh? I don't remember - hold on. There was a
truck, I didn't see it cos I was thinking. Thinking about what?
Thinking, thinking~ "VEGETA!! Where - where is he? Where's my
Vegeta?" She was beginning to get agitated, seriously worrying the
nurse, so she called in Bulma's parents to try and calm their frantic
daughter.

"Honey! Oh I'm so glad you're awake! Do you realise you've been
asleep for almost a week? Everyone's been asking about you. Your
friends have come every day to check up on you; oh we've all been so
worried!" As her mother raved on and on Bulma searched the crowd
surrounding her bed, not finding the only face in all the world that
could make her feel better at that moment.

"Mum, where's Vegeta?" At the looks on her family's faces she knew.
He had gone, and was not coming back. She had driven him away - she
who knew how he hated and feared all signs of weakness. And now she

was weak herself. He would never love her now.

The fake smile on the nurse's face was killing her. Bulma knew that despite what she was saying her recovery was going very badly. She couldn't even find the strength to wheel her chair up a tiny ramp for crying out loud! "I CAN'T! I'M HOPELESS!" In her frustration Bulma struck the nurse a smarting blow on the cheek, not caring at all that it brought tears to her eyes.

"I think we've had enough for today, hm? Lets just get you back to your room now..."

"NO!!!" The roar not only interrupted her carer but the entire rehab room, but Bulma was beyond caring. She turned her chair around and stormed out of the room, racing across the grass until a wheel caught on a stick and she fell.

"Fuck you Kami! Why did you have to do this to me? WHY?!?! Why why why why?" She punched the ground with each 'why' to emphasise her anger. She knew she should get up, knew she should apologise to the nurse, but she just couldn't find the will. All she had ever wanted in life had been stripped from her, and she just couldn't give a flying pig's ass if she hurt anybody else with her actions.

'Hey Bulma! What are you doing down there?" She groaned as she recognised Goku's voice, thinking: ~Why do I have to deal with that simpering fool now?~ - completely forgetting the fact that Goku was one of her closest friends. He slipped his huge hands under her shoulders so as to lift her up but she just swatted his hand away, retorting, "I can get up on my own, thank-you-very-much!" Her friend merely nodded and tried not to wince as he watched her strain and struggle to pull herself into the chair.

"Miss Briefs, you really must decide so that we can devise a rehabilitation program for you. If you choose the crutches you will be slow and cumbersome, but you will be able to manage stairs - with practise, of course. You will be able to manage flat terrain much easier if you choose the wheelchair, but you will not be able to go up or down stairs. It's your choice."

~God he sounds so mundane! It's as though he's talking about the weather or something, not the rest of my life! And what will that be? Either walking on crutches and dragging my legs behind me like an afterthought or being stuck in a chair for the rest of my days! Why couldn't I have DIED in that crash?~

"Doctor, can't I have both? The chair for most of the time and crutches for stairs? I could encapsulate whichever I'm not using at the time, so it wouldn't be any problem to carry both..." Her voice took on a pleading note - she had to have options, and she would NOT become a burden to her friends and family.

"Hmm, well that's actually a very good idea. I'll tell the physio's that. Hmm; yes..." He kept on muttering as he walked away.

She had been asleep, but something had woken her. A sound, a feeling

of utter dejection more powerful than even she had felt when she realised she would never walk again. This feeling came from inside, and without knowing how she knew, she was certain that it came from Vegeta. She whispered, "My prince...." as a tear slid down her face.

For days he had flown and flown, flying till he could fly no more and yet still he did not stop. Only now, when he had not enough energy left to even blink, did he stop. Actually he more fell out of the sky than stopped, but he was so exhausted that the pain of crashing through several layers of tree branches didn't even register.

Upon awakening he screamed his frustration to the unresponding wilderness; bayed and howled his pain and anger at the cruel ways of the world. "How can this be???!!!" Turning his face skywards he screamed, "HOW COULD YOU DO THAT YOU FUCKING BASTARD! Punish me for the wrongs I did, but not her; not her. I loved her." Head in hands, Vegeta wept as he had never wept before, knowing that he could never love her now.

As days turned into weeks Vegeta slowly lost his sense of humanity, lost his senses altogether. He was hungry so he hunted wild animals, twisting their necks and taking bites from their sides. His hands were rust-coloured from old blood, his mouth hung open at the thought of more. He lay in wait, stalked his prey and then sprang chasing it hunting it down eating from it while it struggled hopelessly against immovable arms; and as his jaws dripped with thick red blood he yelled his defiance, his bloodlust, to the world.

ok so i know that was short, but i've got the others written too, so it's not that bad. And please don't kill me cos i made bulma not able to walk, but it has to be that way for the story - read on and you shall see.....

3. Is it love?: Lessons

Body Disclaimer: as before, so now...

A/N: well, now that i'm on holidays perhaps i'll actually get a chance to write these fics....

IS IT LOVE? :

LESSONS

~Finally! Finally I'm getting outa this hellhole!~ "C'mon, mum, where are you? Hurry up for crying out loud!" Bulma was waiting outside the

hospital, impatient to escape after three months of doctors and pristine white walls. ~They're just as glad as me that I'm going. *evil grin* That's as it should be. If I have to spend the rest of my life in this Kami-damned chair then they should suffer a little too. Especially that baka of a nurse. Fuck I'm glad I'm leaving!~ Little did she know that the 'baka of a nurse' was standing a discreet distance from her just to make sure that she was really leaving. Bulma couldn't have scared the poor girl more if she had suddenly turned into a really pissed off Vegeta.

_Ring! Ring! _"Hello?"

"Mrs Briefs! It's Krillen here. Listen, we're not quite ready yet - can you buy us some time? Take her out for a milkshake or something, but we'll need at least another half hour. Goku just ate all the food."

(laughing) "Fine, I'll be there in half an hour. Oops! Gotta go, I'm here. See you."

"MUM! You can't believe how glad I am that you're here!" Her daughter's ecstatic cry brought tears to Mrs Brief's eyes, but she pulled herself together and beamed as she stepped out of the car. Bulma was struggling trying to transfer herself from wheelchair to car, almost falling in the attempt.

"Here, let me help you darling, let me just....." At the fire in Bulma's eyes her mother cut short her offer for help.

"I'm fine, mum," she said in a steely voice. "I can do this." ~I will do this, even if it kills me!~ "That's lovely, dear." Mrs Briefs didn't have a clue what to do with her daughter's temper, but knew from experience not to aggravate it. Well, at least not if she considered her life worth anything...

"Oi! Guys! They're here! Everybody QUIET!!!!" Roared Goku, and instantly all Bulma's friend hid behind chairs or, in Gohan's case, in a flower pot. (as you all know, he got some traits from his father...)

"Seriously, mum, they taught me how to do all this stuff. You don't need to help with anything. I'll be fine." Although she tried to say it casually, her mother picked up on the desperation in her voice.

"I'm just worried for you dear. Anyway, come on inside and I'll fix you some food."

"But mum, we just went for a - EEK!!!"

"SURPRISE!!!" The roar was deafening as the entire Z-gang popped out from behind her furniture, but although everybody she cared about and called friend was there, one face was noticeably absent. She tried not to let the pain show, but everybody knew who had caused her smile to falter. Then she burst out laughing as Gohan tried to disentangle himself from her indoor tree, ending up blasting the thing out of sheer frustration. As the smoke cleared and a slightly sooty, very leafy little warrior said an embarrassed "welcome home, Bulma", the

tension eased and partying began.

"Hey Bulma!" Krillen, Goku and Tien were all striving for her attention, trying to show off their handy-work. "We did it ourselves," they reported proudly, displaying hand rails in the bathroom and beside her bed. "This way you can do everything yourself. Bulma? Why're you crying? Did we do something wrong?" Goku was at a loss and his helplessly goofy expression got a watery laugh from her.

"It - it's nothing. You're just all being so kind, it's nice to know I've got friends like you." Goku smiled and bent down on one knee before her.

"You'll always have us. Ask anything, anything at all, and I'll do it." He searched her face, silently asking, and at her hopeful smile he nodded.

"Done."

He sniffed the air and howled - his attacker was near. He dashed off deep into the forest, slinking on his belly to escape detection. He snuffled and snorted, feeling hunger burn him as he looked the fleshy creature over. He shouldn't eat this one, this one radiated power, but he was oh so hungry. What seemed like years ago he had devoured the last of the game left in this part of the forest and his mouth watered at the thought of warm blood dripping once again from his fangs. With a wild cry that was half scream and half growl he flung himself at the tall creature, sinking razor-sharp fangs into soft neck muscles. The thing cried out in pain, but instead of succumbing to his attack it retaliated, radiating power and throwing the Vegeta-wolf to the ground. He circled on all fours, panting with lust at the thought of a fight.

Goku just stared at the creature that once had been his friend. It was Vegeta no longer, trademark spiky hair messed and strewn with twigs, proud blue suit and armour tattered and torn so that only the barest coverings remained. His face, chest and hands were stained with old blood, but the worst was his eyes. They were more black holes devoid of all life or rational thought than they eyes of a man. They were the eyes of a soul tortured past bearing, tortured to the brink of madness and beyond. He was broken out of his little reverie as the wild thing attacked, fangs bared and ready for the kill.

Thoughts escaped him as he settled into the rhythm of the fight, not bothering to power up to SSJ but still taking it all very seriously. Although going wild had made Vegeta forget all his problems, it had also made him forget his training. What worked on deer and rabbits did nothing to a Saya-jin, except make him deeply concerned about his friend. Having had enough of it Goku sent a small chi blast to the Vegeta-wolf's head, knocking him unconscious.

When he woke, the creature had no recollection of what had happened to him. All that registered was that he was bound in a cage, and that was enough to make him really, really pissed off. He launched himself at the wooden bars, but they didn't budge. He set both teeth and claws on them yet still they held. He exhausted himself to the edge of consciousness and still he remained trapped. Warily he dropped

panting to the floor as his captor - the tall thing with a mass of black hair on its head - approached. Goku knelt near to the cage, but out of reach , and started talking. He knew that his friend had forgotten everything about being human, but he was determined to fix that. He'd promised Bulma that he would bring him home, and bring him home he would.

".....and then, on a planet called Namek, you almost killed us all - that's Krillen, Gohan, Bulma and Deinde, only you had to join forces with us to stop Freeza from taking all the dragon balls...." Goku was certain that his constant talking was having some effect. The Vegeta-wolf had visibly quieted over the last week, and he seemed to show some recognition at certain names of people or places. It wasn't much, but it was something.

"...and then Bulma -" Suddenly the Vegeta-wolf gave one cry of sheer anguish and sat huddled in a corner of his cage. He sat - he didn't crouch, didn't squat, he sat with head in hands and wept.

"Vegeta?" It was a whisper, filled with a world of hope and fear at what would happen next. Slowly, ever so slowly, the bloodstained head rose, four months of dirt washed away by tears of pain and memory. He nodded.

so, whatcha think?? i know it's a bit short, but more will be coming real soon, so don't worry.

4. Is it love?: Progress

Body Disclaimer: the usual....

A/N: just to clear things up, for the sake of this story, senzu beans do not exist. i repeat, senzus do not exist.

.... now that we've got that cleared up....

IS IT LOVE? :

PROGRESS

"FUCK OFF!!!!!" Bulma swiped at her astonished mother, landing a smarting blow on her cheek. "I can do this myself! I will!!"

"Shhh, all right darling, do it yourself." Over the weeks Mrs Briefs had come to realise that above all else, her daughter hated to show any sign of being weakened by her injuries. Still it made her heart ache to watch her baby struggle and strain to get herself out of the bath tub.

Bulma was almost there, almost out, when she slipped and slammed her

chin hard against the edge, biting her tongue and making it bleed. "AARRGGHH!" She let out a wild scream as she hit the wall in anger. "I HATE THIS! I HATE IT!!! Why can't I just be able to do things by myself? Why?" This last was more plea than angry cry, and brought her mother down to hug and comfort her.

"Shh, sweetheart, shh. You're so brave, so wonderful at coping with all of this. I know it's hard, but we're all so very proud of you. Come now, will you let me help you up?" Shamed at her inabilities Bulma hung her head and nodded.

"Yes ma'am, Miss Briefs, right away." The terrified messenger boy hurried out of her sight as she sighed, knowing it was time to go home. She wasn't afraid to go home, but since Vegeta left it just didn't feel whole, didn't feel like home anymore. "Where could he be?" It was just a whisper but it carried with it all her love, all her torture at being parted from him.

.....deep in the forest the beast stopped its frantic stalking around its tiny cage. It was now a man - a dishevelled, haunted man - and he wept as his heart cried out in an agony to echo its mate's.....

She cried herself to sleep now, every night. It used to be only occasionally, when she remembered the feel of his lips against hers or his delightfully warm embrace; now instead of getting better with time the pain was worse every day, tearing her apart with its ferocity. She couldn't work out what it was but she knew that somehow it was connected to Vegeta, and that it was slowly killing her.

At first no one could tell the difference, but slowly all of Bulma's friends and family realised that with every passing day she grew more solemn, more old. She shrank in on herself and forgot how to laugh, forgot how to feel. For a while she remained just emotionally effected, but then her body started to fail her. Because her legs were paralysed they became infected first, but then other parts of her were caught up by the disease. She was rushed to hospital but the doctors were not optimistic. They didn't know what was causing it but with each day her condition worsened, until she was comatose. At least then it stopped, but they didn't think she would ever recover.

Goku was torn. He needed to be here, with Vegeta, so that he could learn to be human again, but he had heard about Bulma and was worried that he knew exactly what was happening. And if he was right the future did not look good. Unless he could cure Vegeta, of course.

He sighed. That was much easier said than done. Some days the Sayajin prince would be completely oblivious to the world and thoughts of men, and then other days he would have spurts of memories and periods of sanity. But always, always, he would become a beast again within

an hour.

Goku had quickly discovered not to mention Bulma's name unless he wanted to seriously damage his friend - once Vegeta had merely rampaged and tried to break free, another time he had tried to kill himself. One thing that he did react well to, though, was sparring. (surprise surprise). Goku had built a paddock-like enclosure so that he and Vegeta could fight without Vegeta going crazy and trying to escape. During these sessions the man-beast was more man and less beast, his age old desire to best Goku bringing back memories of his training and with them, memories of his sanity.

It was one such day, where Goku and Vegeta were circling each other in the arena, that Vegeta remembered how to fly. He had been in wolf mode at the time, but in springing for his foe's tender throat he felt the wind rush past him and he remembered. Of course, in remembering he flew right past his mark and kept on going up into the sky, but it jolted him out of his feral state and brought with it a flood of memories of his training, his childhood, and how he had come to be here on earth. (the shock of which brought him crashing back down to earth, but hey, you can't have everything)

From then on he became better, and every day he was sane for longer than the day before. HE had even progressed so far as to be able to have conversations with Goku, and although he still flinched at the sound of Bulma's name, hearing it did not send him diving into the pit of insanity as it used to.

Goku had gone home to discuss something with ChiChi, leaving Vegeta alone with his thoughts. He still had trouble dealing with some issues, like Bulma, but he no longer turned into an animal. He was sitting on a rock, just as he had been sitting for the whole five hours Goku had been gone.

No matter how hard he tried he couldn't get the thoughts out of his head. He wanted to run, wanted to escape into welcome oblivion, but he couldn't. That part of him was gone forever, and so he was stuck with the image that was torturing his mind and soul:

Bulma.

"I love her." His shoulders slumped in despair. "I love her but at the same time I hate her. I can't bear to stay away but I can't bear to even think of how weak she's become. No!" This word he spat out, "NO! I don NOT love her! I can't! Love is weak, she is weak. Haha! That's it! You cannot love her! It's not love you're feeling but some other stupid feeling that must be repressed. YES! I can go home now! I've worked it out!" But no matter how loud he screamed it, no matter how joyously he danced around, one small treacherous part of him begged to differ. It had quite a different view of things. It was the part of him that told him he was needed at home, that he would lose everything if he didn't go there right now.

At the Son house things were tense, but this did not stop ChiChi from cooking up her famous storm. No matter that her newest house guest had until recently been a wild beast, or that he had at one stage tried to kill her husband and son. Still he was a hungry mouth to feed, and ChiChi could never refuse a man her food.

After all three males had wolfed down their share of the wonderful stuff Goku took Vegeta aside and spoke to him.

"I know you might not want to hear it, but she's my friend and so are you and so I've got to say it. Bulma's in hospital again." Vegeta stiffened slightly but showed no other reaction. "She's in a coma. She might even die, they're not sure. I know you've been getting some strange flashes - I've seen them, so don't try to hide it. Well she's been doing strange stuff too. Like when I first had you in that cage occasionally I'd see her look at one of us as though she was about to eat us, or I'd see her eyes cloud over like yours were..." Vegeta was shaking his head and backing away, but he knew the truth of what Goku was saying. "You are, aren't you?" It was said in wonder, but also in fear for his friends. If it was so, and he seriously believed it was, then there would be some rough times ahead of them. Well, some rougher times at least.

Bulma shuddered and shook on the bed. She was there, buried deep within her subconscious; but even that far down she could feel him near her, feel the beat of their combined hearts that neither one could deny. At his touch her condition instantly began to improve, her body and soul finally having what it had so desired.

Goku sighed and left the room. ~So it's true.~ He was worried for his friends but there was nothing he could do now. The next move on the board was Vegeta's.

The Sayajin prince sat beside her bed, hating and loving at the same time the sleeping woman in front of him. Sighing, he shakingly reached out and stroked her face as a single tear slid down his cheek.

well that's the fourth chapter, and next one'll be here soon. i think the next one will be the last one, so prepare yourselves!! tehehe....

5. Is it love?: Maybe

Body Disclaimer: need i say it??

A/N: hey hello there!! so how y'all doin'?? neway thanks heaps for all the great reviews, i loved 'em!! (hint hint). well here's the last chapter - yes indeedy, it's the one you've all been waiting for!!

IS IT LOVE? :

MAYBE...

Bulma sighed. Vegeta had moved back in when she had come home from the hospital, but things were not great between them. He never looked at her, never talked to her. He didn't even yell at her for being late with his food anymore. Despite this, she knew that life must go on and so she went to every possible length to act 'normal' around everyone.

At work some bastards spoke down to her, even though she was the all powerful Miss Bulma Briefs. They spoke down to her because first she's a woman, and now she's disabled. "Those stupid fuck-wits don't know anything! They think just because I got smashed by a semi-trailer my brains suddenly ran away and left me with nothing up here," she fumed, tapping her head. She was at home in her office working on a new invention, but as always her mind slipped back to all her worries, of which she had quite a few these days. "Ah well, we'll just see what happens tomorrow, shall we??" Little did they know, but Bulma was planning a rather unpleasant surprise for all the chauvinistic idiots who dared to think they were better than her.

(the next day, at work)

"Do you really think that's wise? I mean, there are a million other ways of dealing with this problem. If you'd just look at this plan I've drawn up you'll see..." The suit (i use this term to describe air-headed dimwits who think they're business hotshots..) was addressing the entire board of directors, many of whom quite agreed with him. Others were becoming increasingly worried as they watched their boss grow madder by the second.

"Hmm, I quite agree. a very good model, don't you think, Bulma dear?" Asked another soon-to-be-dead member of the board. He asked it in such a way as to imply that really Bulma didn't have a choice - that model was thought up by a man, and more importantly, by one who was still whole. It was his tone as much as anything else that finally sent Bulma over the edge.

"WHAT THE HELL DID YOU MEAN BY THAT?? MIGHT I REMIND YOU THAT I HIRED YOU??!!! MIGHT I ALSO REMIND YOU THAT WITHOUT ME THIS COMPANY WOULD NEVER HAVE EXISTED!!!!" Although most at the table were literally blown away by the force of her scream a few fools still sat in their places smiling indulgently, as though she were merely a small child throwing a tantrum rather than their boss who was about to fire them.

"Really, is that necessary? My dear girl -" his sickeningly false smile was suddenly cut off along with his air supply as an infuriated blue-haired woman launched herself at him.

"Don't (punch) call me (whack) 'my (boom) dear' (smack) you worthless piece of elephant shit!! As of this very second every single one of you who think that I'm weak just because I can't walk are fired, and I will personally make sure that you never work in this industry again!" The terrified suits grabbed what was left of their colleague and ran from the building; one man had been so frightened he had accidentally left a wet patch where he had been standing. Bulma sneered, then turned back to what was left of the board and flashed them a bright sweet smile. "So, where were we?"

Unbeknown to her, a certain Saya-jin prince was chuckling to himself as he flew back to his training.

About a week after that Vegeta was stalking around the house trying to find Bulma so she could fix the gravity room for him. He ambled past her workroom, and catching a glimpse of her he stopped to watch.

She was again hard at work on her invention. "Damn! Where's that wrench?" She looked around the place and finally spotted it high up on a shelf above her head. "OK, just a little higher, just a little - FUCK!!" She had been reaching up out of her chair but suddenly slipped and fell to the floor, tools and invention all clattering around her. In the shadows Vegeta sneered, ignoring the part of himself that ordered him to run to her.

"Fuck this shit!" She laughed a little as she saw the wrench lying beside her. "Well, that was one way to get it.." She struggled to pull herself back up into her chair, but on the way noticed a thin piece of metal sticking out of her leg. She shrugged, not registering any pain, and pulled it out and wiped it. That caused Vegeta to start - he had expected her to scream or cry or something, but not just to keep on going.

He walked into the room saying, "You're bleeding." Bulma started and then turned around, and angry retort on her lips. At the sight of him standing there contemplating her - as though he was weighing something up - she stopped and looked curiously at him. Then she looked down at her leg and realised there was a shocking amount of blood pumping out of it.

"Oh dear. Can you pass us that rag?" With that she proceeded to bandage herself up.

All the time she was fixing the gravity room Vegeta watched her with that calculating look in his eyes, and she noticed it as he watched her go about her daily chores, although he was trying to make sure she didn't see him watching. And she could have sworn she could feel him near her at work sometimes, but always when she turned to look he wasn't there.

He was sitting on a rock one afternoon lost in his thoughts, when Bulma and Goku, ChiChi and Gohan came into view. They were all laughing at something, but suddenly Bulma tripped and fell (she was using the crutches for a change). Nobody dove in to help her up, the other three just stood around and kept on talking while she hauled herself upright. All her friends had learned not to offer help unless she asked for it, which was never. Vegeta didn't realise this and found himself powering up out of sheer anger at their 'neglect' of her. Then a small part of his mind yelled, "This is BULMA we're talking about! Why should you worry about her?" Out loud he said, "Yes, why am I worrying?" He continued to watch and saw how she just continued walking and talking as though nothing had happened - no sign of anger, no sign that anything was wrong.

~Huh? I thought for sure she'd be angry with herself or something! How can she not have any reaction at all??~ Then the thought struck: she's accepted it. Vegeta tried to imagine himself in such a

situation and realised that the rest of his life he would be fighting with himself, fighting his disabilities. He knew that that would surely send him mad, but also knew that he would never be able to accept himself as less than perfect. Hell, he had enough trouble doing that now! ~It's because she's weak, that's why she doesn't fight.~ But he wondered, wondered exactly how much courage it would take to admit to yourself that you were not perfect, that there were things you just could not do. And at that precise moment - when he realised Bulma had accomplished something he would never have the guts for - all of a sudden she didn't seem so weak after all.

Bulma couldn't work out what had brought the change in him, but she wasn't complaining. Since last week Vegeta had suddenly started looking at her again and, by Kami, he even made some conversation! He no longer called her 'woman' either, which really puzzled her, because even before the accident, even while they were going out, he had almost never called her by her name.

That night there was a formal dinner being held by the Capsule Corp., and Goku was going to be her date. She really wanted to look good for this one, but she knew that however beautiful she used to be, she wasn't any more. Still, she dolled herself up and wheeled out of her room in a clingy black dress, not looking half bad either, but she thought she looked awful. She went into the lounge room (not realising Vegeta was lying on the couch), saw her reflection in the mirror and picked up a vase to smash against the wall. In the settling dust and pieces of glass Vegeta could hear her crying silently and muttering, "I used to be beautiful."

"You still are," he whispered. At that she swung around to face him, prepared to knock his head in, but at the look in his eyes she stopped. He wasn't looking at her with 'you are weak' written all over his face, not even close. Her heart stopped in her chest as he continued to look at her, as he continued to stare right into the very depths of her soul where he whispered again, "You still are beautiful."

Suddenly tears welled up in her eyes but he wiped them away with his thumbs, cradling her head in his large hands. By this time he was kneeling before her, forehead resting against forehead. As both sat there finally giving in to their love the bond that had held them together through everything they had suffered flared up and forged their souls, making them one. Wonderingly, Vegeta stared at his mate and said, "I love you. I always have. And you are beautiful, woman who has invaded my heart, you will always be beautiful."

awww.... now wasn't that sweet?? i know they've all been a little short, but they're still good, aren't they?? neway, please leave your comments in that box down there, and thanks for reading!!!

^ _ ^

End
file.